

Ode to The Pillars of Creation

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It is always open.

An awe-inspiring world of wonder exists alongside ours.

Hues of blues and reds and greens swirl and collide while blackness bleeds through.

Blackness isn't the background, blackness is instead the space itself.

All worlds, large and larger, peek through the opal veil.

They beg to be seen.

It is always more.

You can see right through the solid masses to masses of other solids.

It has a watercolor smear comprised of constellations both emerging and fading away.

This space masquerades as the sea, or maybe oil.

In the middle of it all exists stretches of seemingly endless collections of dust and cosmic wonder.

Like the hand of God or the universe itself, this shape outstretches and caresses the stars.

It is always familiar.

Muted maroons and browns billow into tightly formed fingers.

Airy light escapes from behind, which works to illuminate.

These otherworldly pillars seem solid.

Like Jupiter, this couldn't be further from reality.

Imagine the clay molding of columns in ancient Rome or Greece.

It is always fluid.

The bottom is a sheer cloth, draped with care.

The base of the fingers are storms upon storms.

The tips of the fingers probe piles of unruly fabrics.

The space surrounding stands as a background to a spectacle.

They are the most beautiful things you will never touch.

The middle one also looks like a penis.